

# THE COMPANION.

No. VIII. WEDNESDAY, FEB. 27, 1828.

---

“Something alone yet not alone, to be wished, and only to be found, in a friend.”—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

---

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

MEMOIR OF HIM, WITH SPECIMENS OF HIS POETRY.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING, “the greatest gallant of his time,” and one that set off the sparkling of his wit by a ground of sentiment, was the son of Sir John Suckling, Comptroller of the Household to Charles the First. He was born at his father’s house at Whitton in Middlesex, and baptized the 10th of February 1608-9. The marvels about his speaking Latin at five, and writing it at nine, we omit as of little importance, whether false or true. Aubrey says, on the authority of Davenant, that he went to Cambridge at eleven years of age, and remained there till fourteen or fifteen. He then travelled both at home and abroad, and made a campaign under Gustavus Adolphus, with whom, in the course of six months, he was present at three battles and five sieges, besides lesser engagements. With this new feather in his cap, he returned home; and was thought to have made an agreeable selection from the virtues of other countries, unalloyed by their vices, with the exception of a little superfluity on the score of the French manner. Others however looked upon this as a part of his natural temperament, especially as he carried it off with great goodnature and openness of heart. The truth is, that the Court of Charles the First, though of sober principles, was enough given to the encouragement of

gallantry and luxury, which had their natural effect on the rising generation; and Suckling was but the foremost of a new race of wits, who were checked by the troubles that succeeded, only to re-appear with greater licence in a day of re-action.

There was a marked line at that time between the old people in possession, and the race that were coming up. Davenant told Aubrey, that Suckling did not much care for a lord's converse, for they were in those days "damnably proud and arrogant," and the French would say, that "My Lord *d'Angleterre* lookt *comme un mastif-dog*; but now," adds the reporter, "the age is much more refined, and much by the example of his most gracious Majestie (Charles II.) who is the patterne of courtesie."

Sir William said, that Suckling's "readie sparkling witt," for which he became famous at court, subjected him to envy, and "he was the bull that was bayted," his wit becoming more sparkling, the more it was chafed. His confidence in his powers, united to an open temper, probably betrayed him sometimes into airs of superiority, from which his account of himself in the *Session of the Poets* is not exempt.

Sir John succeeded his father in the possession of the family residence at Whitton; but it is probable that he spent little of his time there. The absence of rural images in his writings is remarkable. Neither love, nor poetry, nor philosophical reflection (of which he was far from incapable) led him among the groves. His *Account of Religion by Reason* he wrote at West-Kington, near Bath; but it was in company with "Will Davenant" and "Jack Young," at the house of "Parson Robert Davenant," the poet's brother, a jovial priest. Our author was one of the greatest bowlers of his time, and bowling-greens were attached to the gardens of the gentry in those days; but unfortunately, as he gambled as well as bowled, his necessities, like his love of show, forced him upon the town. Without taking for granted all the stories which a man's infirmities naturally give rise to, and which other people's infirmities exaggerate, it is clear that Suckling experienced all the vicissitudes, no very honourable ones, of a gambler's life. He was a star, as Johnson would say, alternately triumphing in lustre, and drowned in eclipse.

Unluckily, the notions of morality itself are different at different periods. It was said the other day of a celebrated politician, that although he was a dishonest man, and not to be trusted, he could not be charged with immorality; meaning, that his love of the fair sex was confined to the lady he had married. On the other hand, Pope said of Sir John Suckling, that he was "an immoral man, as well as debauched;" meaning, that he was dishonest and not to be trusted. "The story of the French cards was told me," says he, "by the late Duke of Buckingham (Sheffield) who had it from old Lady Dorset herself."\* These were cards made in France, and marked in such a way, as to be known only to the possessor. Now my Lady Dorset was of a third opinion in ethics, and appears to have considered neither the gallantry nor the gambling immoral. "That lady," says Pope, "took a very odd pride in boasting of her familiarities with Sir John Suckling. She is the Mistress and Goddess in his poems; and several of those pieces were given by herself to the printer. This the Duke of Buckingham used to give as one instance of the fondness she had to let the world know, how well they were acquainted." We know what was done, with good reputation, in Charles the Second's time, from the Memoirs of the gambling Count de Grammont; but even in the preceding age, which is the one before us, Evelyn accuses "the ladies of taking all advantages at play." My Lady Dorset was probably one of them. It is certain that, in attributing stratagems of this kind to her admirer, she was far from thinking she dishonoured the memory of one, whose notice she considered an honour. We may see, from her ladyship's notions, how lightly they regarded in those times what would

\* Frances, daughter to Lionel Cranfield, first Earl of Middlesex. She became Countess of Middlesex in her own right on the death of her brother Lionel, the third Earl; and by marrying Richard, Earl of Dorset, brought the title into that nobleman's family. She was mother of Charles, Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, the celebrated wit; and died very old in 1692. Her husband, who was born in September 1622, could not have been fifteen years old when Charles, in January 1637, came into the world. There was great intimacy among the Suckling, Middlesex, and Dorset families. The two former were neighbours as well as friends; and the writer of the Life prefixed to Suckling's Works calls him a kinsman of the Earl of Dorset. Our author, in his dramas, has a remarkable fondness for a name of his invention, *Francelia*. In the *Goblins* he gives it to the country in which the scene is laid; and the heroines of *Brennoralt* and the *Sad One* are both called *Francelia*. Is not this likely to have been a compliment to the Lady Frances?



justly be considered in our own as practices unworthy of a man of honour. What completes the curiosity of this anecdote, is, that Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, from whom Pope had the story, was the most notorious gambler of his time, even when the vice had gone out of fashion. He is accused of giving an annual dinner to the reigning sharpers, whom he welcomed with a remarkable toast, "Gentlemen, may we all remain unhung this time next year." It is to be observed, that Aubrey, who says no shopkeeper would trust our poet for sixpence on account of his being such a gamester, insinuates nothing against his honesty; and Sir William Davenant, who survived him, and who was "no immoral man, though debauched," is mentioned as his "intimate friend," and one that "loved him intirely."

The way in which Suckling used to "envisage" his losses, and surmount them and shake his plumes in their teeth, has something in it highly characteristical. When he was at his lowest ebb, said Davenant, then would he make himself most gorgeous in apparel, and say it exalted his spirits, and gave him the greatest chance of good luck. His magnificence accompanied him wherever he went, and was made to bear upon all his pursuits. When he took his journey into Somersetshire, to rake with cavaliers and write on Socinianism, he rode like a prince "for all manner of equipage," and had a cart-load of books in his train. At London he gave an entertainment to a great number of ladies of quality, all beauties and young, where every delicacy to be found in England was brought upon table, and the last service consisted of silk stockings, garters, and gloves. This is like poetry inviting its heroines, and sitting down to table in a gallant shape. Loves and "winged words" take a circuit of the board, and fan up the lustre in their looks.

But Suckling was also "a serious man," or the ladies would have found his perfections wanting. After feasting his beauties over-night, and adding his own music, if he pleased, to the entertainment (for he was a performer), he could go and discuss politics with Lord Falkland, and divinity with Hales of Eton. Hales, Carew, and Davenant, were his intimate friends. He is said also, besides Falkland, to have been the associate of Ben Jonson and Digby; and was probably acquainted with Selden.

Among these, his beauties, and his gamblers (a luckless anti-climax!) our poet divided his time and his fortune, occasionally amusing himself with writing, particularly plays; which succeeded beyond what a modern reader might have conjectured. This was owing, most likely, to his popularity with the circles, and to his hesitating at no expense in dresses and decoration. He carried everything before him at the play-house, as he did elsewhere, by dint of the will to do it, and the generosity in which the will was clothed.

But pride will have a fall, especially if it does not take care of its muscles. Sir John was not so robust as he was sprightly: his mode of living did not tend to harden his nerves; and the reputation for courage which he acquired under Gustavus, he appears to have shaken by an unfortunate rencontre with Sir John Digby, brother of Sir Kenelm, whom he is accused of having first assailed with unequal numbers, and then disgracefully fled from. If he did, there is another example, in addition to that of Lord Rochester, to shew "men of wit and pleasure" the danger which they run above others in hazarding the loss of their courage; for what may be summoned up in the place of it by men of less reflection, or of more, is in their hands likely to fail them, either from their having other grounds of reputation to go upon, as Suckling had; or from their power to sophisticate upon the nature of the quality demanded, as was openly done by Rochester. At the same time, the baseness of setting upon a man with unequal numbers (though not without countenance in those days) is so unlike what might be expected from the spirit evinced in Suckling's writings, and from the affection entertained for his memory by gallant men, that as it rests upon no authority but Aubrey's, whose veracity was equalled by his credulity, and who does not state the circumstance of his own knowledge, it is not improbable that the story might have sprung up in the usual course of envy and scandal.\*

\* From the following testimony of "Mr Snowdon," it looks as if there was something true in the story. "Memorand: Mr Snowdon tells me," says Aubrey, "that after Sr. John's unluckie rencounter, or quarrell, wth Sr. John Digby, wherein he was baffled, 'twas strange to see the envie and ill-nature of people to trample and scoffe at, and deject one in disgrace; inhumane as well as unchristian. The Lady Moray had made an entertainment for severall persons of quality at Ashley (in Surrey, near Chertsey), whereat Mr Snowdon then was.—There was the Countess



A more authentic misfortune befell him, which is said by one of his biographers to have shortened his days. This was the conduct of a troop of horse which he raised, when Charles, in the year 1639, invited his nobility and gentry to attend him in his expedition to Scotland. There was a notion, that the mere parade of such a movement would do wonders; and as the courtiers acted accordingly, and made as gallant a shew as possible, our author was pleased to have an opportunity of displaying his lustre. His troop, as far as clothes went, was the bravest of the brave. It consisted of a hundred handsome young men, well horsed and armed, and gallantly attired in white and scarlet, with feathers in their hats. They encountered the enemy, and fled.

That a misadventure of this kind must have particularly vexed him, is obvious, especially as it became a subject of merriment to his brother wits; but that it ended in killing him, appears to have been a fancy originating in the weak imagination of Lloyd, author of the "Worthies," who suffered in the cause of royalty,—a feeble and credulous partisan. The year following our author wrote his admirable letter to Henry Jermyn, in which he seems to have lost nothing of his composure; and there is reason to believe that, in 1641, he was engaged in those plots against the Parliament which brought Davenant and others into trouble. The same month that Davenant was arrested on his way to France, Suckling, also on his way to France, was arrested by a "feller serjeant." Aubrey says, that he died in Paris, and that he killed himself by poison; being conveniently situated for that purpose by "lying at an apothecary's house." The story of his death, given by Oldys in his MS. notes on Langbaine, and repeated with a variation in Spence, is the one that is now received. Lord Oxford informed Oldys, on the authority of Dean Chetwood, who said he had it from Lord Roscommon, that Sir John Suckling, on his way to France, was robbed of a casket of gold and jewels by his valet, who, to provide against all contingencies, not only gave him poison, but stuck the blade of a penknife in such a manner in his boot, as to wound him mortally when he attempted pursuit. From Lord Oxford the story most probably came to Spence, who drops the incident of the poison, and turns the penknife into a rusty blade; adding,

of Middlesex,† whom Sr. John had highly courted, and had spent on her, and in treating her, some thousands of pounds. At this entertainment she could not forbear, but was so severe and ingrate as to upbraid Sr. John of his late received baffle; and some other ladies had their flirts. The Lady Moray (who invited them) seeing Sr. John out of countenance, for whose worth she alwaies had a respect; 'Well,' sayd shee, 'I am a merry wench, and will never forsake an old friend in disgrace, so come sitt down by me, Sr. John' (said she), and seated him on her right hand, and countenanced him. This rayzed Sr. John's dejected spirites, that he threw his repartees about the table with much sparkliness and gentleness of witt, to the admiration of them all."

† The Lady Dorset aforesaid, who was so proud of his verses, when they came to be printed. Perhaps her Ladyship was jealous of somebody in the room.

that Sir John clapped on his boots in a passionate hurry. Under all these circumstances, the story is very likely. Sir John, a fugitive, with his casket under his pillow, was just in the right condition to be robbed; and the robbery was a blow sufficient to put him in "a desperate mind." He died May 7th, 1641, in the thirty-second year of his age. According to Aubrey, he was of slight make, and had discoloured his face with ill living. He had a lively round eye, a head not very big, and hair of a kind of sand colour. "His beard turned up naturally, so that he had a brisk and graceful look."

None of Suckling's writings were printed in his life-time, except a play or two, which he privately distributed. It cannot have been from these copies that his dramas were printed, as we have them now; for the text is as incorrect as some of the old folios of Beaumont and Fletcher. We have been obliged, like others, to disentangle his verses.\* The rest of his works were collected and published after his death by his friend the Earl of Denbigh (a *Fielding*), well known for the part he took in the civil war. They have been reprinted six times, including their appearance in Anderson and Chalmers. Suckling was popular among the wits of Queen Anne's day, and will always be so in times of peace and luxury. He is more than once quoted by Steele in the *Tatler*. One of the quotations we may as well insert here, as the nature of the verses will not allow us to give the whole poem. The *Tatler* is speaking (No. 57) of a coxcomb of a new sort, who possessing courage, "takes himself to be obliged to give proofs of it every hour he lives. He is ever," says he, "fighting with the men, and contradicting the women. A lady, who sent to me, superscribed him with this description, out of Suckling :

"I am a man of war and might,  
And know thus much, that I can fight,  
Whether I'm in the wrong or right,  
Devoutly.

"No woman under heav'n I fear,  
New oaths I can exactly swear,  
And forty healths my brain will bear,  
Most stoutly."

Addison's celebrated comparison of an ant-hill with a court was suggested by a passage at the beginning of the tragedy of *Brennoralt*, where Sheffield has also been for a couplet that might be mistaken for one of Dryden's. Perhaps it was touched by him :

"*Bren*. I say the court is but a narrow circuit,  
Though something elevate above the common;  
A kind of ant's nest in the great wide field,  
O'ercharged with multitudes of quick inhabitants,  
Who still are miserably busied to get in

\* Mr Chalmers has said that our author's works were printed "very correctly" by Tonson. Tonson's is the edition we have used; and the dramatic part is full of errors; to say nothing of the rest.



What the loose foot of prodigality  
As fast does throw abroad.

"Doran. Good :

A most eternal place of low affronts,  
And then as low submissions." \*

Sir John Suckling is one of those happy wits, who having faith in nature, and prizing, after all, the flesh and blood of humanity above its sophistications, are never forsaken of her; but surprise posterity by becoming immortal upon the strength of a few apparent nothings. He was allied to the preceding age by his power to be serious, and calculated as much as the airiest of his successors to lead the gallantry of the next. It is a mistake to think him deficient in sentiment, because he joins the vulgar in railing at love. This was part of his pretensions, as a careless fellow,—as a youth who had "seen the world," and was to be past taking in. It belonged to his hat and feather,—to his table over night. Next morning he could be as deep in love as in meditation. There are feelings in him, which a heartless wit could not even pretend. Such are those which he indulges in the two copies of verses to his *Rival*. To every one of his railleries, gay and indifferent as he could make them appear, may be opposed some piece of romance as a set-off; and while the jokes enabled him to keep heart-whole with the lighter part of the sex, the gravities would retain his interest for him with the more cordial. They are chiefly to be found in his dramas, which, amidst a world of confused incidents, and a glimmer of meaning like a twilight, contain passages of extreme beauty, moral and descriptive. He was a passionate lover of Shakspeare, from whom he repeats phrases, and even whole sentences, with a fondness which cannot be mistaken for plagiarism, for Shakspeare was too well known. His *Ballad on a Wedding* is delicious, and has a dew on the lip. He has put it in the mouth of a countryman, that he may be able to dispense with the more received forms of panegyric, and talk of lips and cheeks after nature. The surprise at the end of *Pr'ythee, why so pale, fond lover?* never ceases to be as good as new. Few poems can boast a conclusion, at once so startling and so reasonable. The other pieces, that assume the high town air, do it to perfection, particularly the stanzas beginning—

" 'Tis now, since I sat down before  
That foolish fort, a heart."

Nothing can be more exquisitely cavalier. The *Session of the Poets* has been thought to be too careless in its versification; but its excess that way proves that the carelessness was intentional. The author seems to have written it while he was dressing, with his stockings down at heel. Regarded in this light, the negligence becomes a beauty, and would be no easy thing to imitate.

\* "A life so infamous were better quitting,  
Spent in base injury and low submitting."—Speaking of Rochester,  
in the *Essay on Satire*.



Suckling, in his prose writings, exhibits his usual vivacity, and a fund of good sense. His *Account of Religion by Reason* may be held to contain little or much, according as the reader is inclined. Some perhaps will think it contains more than it appears to do. We shall give a specimen or two of his prose style in our next. It is as manly and to the purpose as Clarendon's, without any of his long-winded Chancery sentences; and in the *Letter to Henry Jermyn* the reader may see what was thought of the troubles then existing, by some of the most active and reflecting partisans of the court. His *Familiar Letters* have disappointed us. There are sprightly passages; but they are not free from the pedantry and conceits of the reigning taste. None of our author's works were collected till after his death; and probably those who possessed his happiest letters were not so ready to come forward with them as my Lady Dorset. We shall give one or two of the best. They are no ill specimens of the politeness and vivacity of his manners, and at least serve to shew how well he must have written when he was in the vein. In his letter to a Noble Lord, we fancy we see all the deference paid to rank in those days, beginning with that entire air of acknowledgment, and ending with that high-bred self-respect and resumption, which combined to give it a look of something solid and valuable. The letter containing the Epitaph on Don Alonzo is full of airy self-possession; and in two others we have a taste of his generous turn of mind, first under the impulse of an ordinary gratitude, and next of a very lively and tender one.

Sir John Suckling had no pretensions to be called a poet, in the greater sense of the term; but he was truly a poet in the less; that is to say, he could make the incidents of every-day life yield him a good crop of fancy, and fetch out the nature that lies in things artificial. The world of poetry has many territories. There are great empires and petty principalities. Sir John occupied one of the latter; but he ruled it gallantly and with splendour; nor was it all court, like some of the German ones. Milk-maids were had in respect; and there was room, as at Weimar, even for philosophy. He had the credit of being able to extend his dominion, if he would; and if this, as in most cases, was not very likely, it shews that he filled up the sphere of his celebrity to some purpose, and had a repose in his power, more allied to strength than to weakness.

#### THE SIEGE RAISED.\*

'Tis now, since I sate down before  
That foolish fort, a heart;  
(Time strangely spent) a year and more,  
And still I did my part:

\* This is one of the poems, which, Mr Hazlitt says, "are the origin of the style of Prior and Gay in their short fugitive verses, and of the songs in the Beggars' Opera."—*Lectures on the English Comic Writers*, p. 105. Congreve is still nearer

Made my approaches, from her hand  
 Unto her lip did rise,  
 And did already understand  
 The language of her eyes.

Proceeded on with no less art;  
 My tongue was engineer;  
 I thought to undermine the heart  
 By whispering in the ear.

When this did nothing, I brought down  
 Great cannon-oaths, and shot  
 A thousand thousand to the town,  
 And still it yielded not.

I then resolv'd to starve the place  
 By cutting off all kisses,  
 Praising and gazing on her face,  
 And all such little blisses.

To draw her out, and from her strength,  
 I drew all batteries in:  
 And brought myself to lie at length,  
 As if no siege had been.

When I had done what man cou'd do,  
 And thought the place mine own,  
 The enemy lay quiet too,  
 And smil'd at all was done.

I sent to know from whence and where,  
 These hopes, and this relief?  
 A spy inform'd, Honour was there,  
 And did command in chief.

March, march (quoth I), the word strait give,  
 Let's lose no time, but leave her;  
 That giant upon air will live,  
 And hold it out for ever.

To such a place our camp remove  
 As will not siege abide;  
 I hate a fool that starves her love  
 Only to feed her pride.

---

PASSAGES FROM THE "SESSION OF THE POETS."

A session was held the other day,  
 And Apollo himself was at it, they say,  
 The laurel that had been so long reserv'd,  
 Was now to be given to him best deserved.

And therefore the wits of the town came thither,  
 'Twas strange to see how they flocked together,  
 Each strongly confident of his own way,  
 Thought to gain the laurel away that day.

to it; but in no one point has it been surpassed, or perhaps (for the sort of thing) equalled by any writer since the author's time, not excepting in versification, upon which the moderns are so gratuitously apt to pique themselves. The piece that follows is of the same character.



There was Selden, and he sat close by the chair;  
Wainman not far off, which was very fair;  
Sands with Townsend, for they kept no order;  
Digby and Chillingworth a little further:

There was Lucan's Translator too, and he  
That makes God speak so big in's poetry:  
Selwin and Waller, and Bartlets both the brothers;  
Jack Vaughan and Porter, and divers others.

The first that broke silence was good old Ben,  
Prepar'd before with canary wine,  
And he told them plainly he deserv'd the bays,  
For his were call'd works, where others were but plays.

And bid them remember how he had purg'd the stage  
Of errors that had lasted many an age,  
And he hop'd they did not think the Silent Woman,  
The Fox, and the Alchymist outdone, by no man.

Apollo stopp'd him there, and bid him not go on,  
'Twas merit, he said, and not presumption  
Must carry 't; at which Ben turned about  
And in great choler offer'd to go out.

But those that were there thought it not fit  
To discontent so ancient a wit;  
And therefore Apollo call'd him back again,  
And made him mine host of his own New Inn.

\* \* \* \* \*

Suckling next was call'd, but did not appear,  
But straight one whisper'd Apollo i' th' ear,  
That of all men living he car'd not for 't,  
He lov'd not the Muses so well as his sport;

And priz'd black eyes, or a lucky hit  
At bowls, above all the trophies of wit;  
But Apollo was angry and publicly said  
'Twere fit that a fine were set upon's head.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hales sat by himself most gravely did smile  
To see them about nothing keep such a coil;  
Apollo had spy'd him, but knowing his mind,  
Past by, and call'd Falkland\*, that sate just behind.

But he was of late so gone with divinity,  
That he had almost forgot his poetry,  
Though to say the truth, and Apollo did know it,  
He might have been both his priest and his poet.

At length, who but an alderman did appear,  
At which Will Davenant began to swear;  
But wiser Apollo bade him draw nigher,  
And, when he was mounted a little higher,  
He openly declar'd, that the best sign  
Of good store of wit's to have good store of coin,

\* The noble-hearted Lord Faulkland, who afterwards perished in the cause of Charles I, and may literally be said (though on that side) to have died for his country. He is supposed to have been willing to die, the troubles he saw all around him made him so melancholy.

## THE COMPANION.

And without a syllable more or less said,  
He put the laurel on the alderman's head.

At this all the wits were in such amaze  
That, for a good while, they did nothing but gaze  
One upon another; not a man in the place  
But had discontent writ at large in his face.

Only the small poets cheer'd up again,  
Out of hope, as 'twas thought, of borrowing;  
But sure they were out, for he forfeits his crown  
When he lends to any poet about the town.

## SONG.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?  
Pr'ythee why so pale?  
Will, when looking well can't move her,  
Looking ill prevail?  
Pr'ythee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?  
Pr'ythee why so mute?  
Will, when speaking well can't win her,  
Saying nothing do't?  
Pr'ythee why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame! this will not move,  
This cannot take her;  
If of herself she will not love,  
Nothing can make her—  
The Devil take her.

PASSAGES FROM THE  
BALLAD ON A WEDDING.\*

I TELL thee, Dick, where I have been,  
Where I the rarest things have seen:  
Oh things without compare!  
Such sights again cannot be found  
In any place on English ground,  
Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing Cross, hard by the way  
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,  
There is a house with stairs;  
And there did I see coming down  
Such folks as are not in our town,  
Vorty at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one pest'lent fine,  
(His beard no bigger tho' than thine)  
Walk'd on before the rest:  
Our landlord looks like nothing to him:  
The King (God bless him) 'twould undo him;  
Shou'd he go still so drest.

\* The author's masterpiece. Mr Hazlitt says, that in its class of composition it is "unrivalled for the voluptuous delicacy of the sentiments, and the luxuriant richness of the images. I wish," he adds, "I could repeat the whole of it; but that, from the change of manners, is impossible."—*Lectures on the English Comic Writers*, p. 106.



At course a-park, without all doubt,  
 He should have first been taken out  
     By all the maids i' th' town;  
 Though lusty Roger there had been,  
 Or little George upon the green,  
     Or Vincent of the Crown.

But wot you what? The youth was going  
 To make an end of all his wooing;  
     The parson for him staid:  
 Yet by his leave, for all his haste,  
 He did not so much wish all past  
     (Perchance) as did the maid.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Her finger was so small, the ring  
 Wou'd not stay on which they did bring,  
     It was too wide a peck:  
 And to say truth (for out it must)  
 It look'd like the great collar (just)  
     About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,  
 Like little mice stole in and out,  
     As if they fear'd the light:  
 But oh! she dances such a way!  
 No sun upon an Easter day  
     Is half so fine a sight.

He would have kiss'd her once or twice,  
 But she wou'd not, she was so nice,  
     She wou'd not do't in sight;  
 And then she look'd as who shou'd say  
 I will do what I list to day,  
     And you shall do't at night.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,  
 No daisy makes comparison,  
     (Who sees them is undone):  
 For streaks of red were mingled there,  
 Such as are on a Katherine pear,  
     The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin  
 Compar'd to that was next her chin,  
     Some bee had stung it newly.  
 But (Dick) her eyes so guard her face,  
 I durst no more upon them gaze,  
     Than on the sun in July.

---

FROM THE TRAGEDY OF BRENNORALT.

Brennoralt, an honourable and unsuccessful lover, comes into his mistress's chamber while she is asleep.\*

\* "This evening," says the Tatler (No. 40) "some ladies came to visit my sister Jenny: and the discourse, after very many frivolous and public matters, turned upon the main point among women, the passion of love. Sappho, who always leads on this occasion, began to shew her reading, and told us that Sir John Suckling and Milton had, upon a parallel occasion, said the tenderest things she ever read. 'The circumstance,' said she, 'is such as gives us a notion of that protecting part, which is the duty of men in their honourable designs upon, or

*Bren. (drawing the curtains).* So misers look upon their gold;  
Which, while they joy to see, they fear to lose;  
The pleasure of the sight scarce equalling  
The jealousy of being dispossessed by others.  
Her face is like the milky way i' th' sky,  
A meeting of gentle lights without a name.  
Heavens! shall this fresh ornament o' the world,  
These precious love-lines pass with common things  
Among the wastes of time? What pity 'twere!

*(She wakes.)*

*Francelia.* Bless me! Is it a vision, or Brennoralt?

*Bren.* Brennoralt, lady.

*Franc.* Brennoralt! Innocence guard me!  
What is't you have done, my lord?

*Bren.* Alas! I were  
In too good estate, if I knew what I did.  
Why ask you, Madam?

*Franc.* It much amazes me  
To think how you came hither, and what could bring you  
To endanger thus my honour and your life.  
Nothing but saving of my brother could  
Make me preserve you now.

*Bren.* Reproach me not  
The follies you yourself make me commit.  
I am reduced to such extremity,  
That Love himself, high tyrant as he is,  
If he could see, would pity me.

*Franc.* I understand you not.

*Bren.* Would heav'n you did, for 'tis a pain to tell you:  
I come to accuse you of injustice, Madam.  
You first begot my passion, and was  
Content (at least you seem'd so) it should live;  
Yet since would ne'er contribute unto it,—  
Not look upon't,—as if you had desired  
Its being for no other end, but for  
The pleasure of its ruin.

*Franc.* Why do you labour thus  
To make me guilty of an injury  
To you, when it is one, all mankind's  
Alike engag'd, and must have quarrel to me?

*Bren.* I have done ill: you chide me justly, Madam.  
I'll lay't not on you, but on my wretched self.  
For I am taught that heav'nly bodies are not  
Malicious in their influence, but by  
The disposition of the subject. They tell me  
You must marry Almerin: sure such excellence  
Ought to be the recompense of virtue, not  
The sacrifice of parents: should it not, Madam?

possession of women. In Suckling's tragedy of Brennoralt he makes the lover steal into his mistress's bed-chamber, and draw the curtains: then, when his heart is full of her charms, as she lies sleeping, instead of being carried away by the violence of his desires into thoughts of a warmer nature, sleep, which is the image of death, gives this generous lover reflections of a different kind, which regard rather her safety than his own passion. For, beholding her as she lies sleeping, he utters these words: 'So misers look upon their gold, &c.' "



*Franc.* 'Twould injure me, were it thought otherwise.

*Bren.* And shall he have you then, that knew you yesterday?  
Is there in martyrdom no juster way,  
But he that holds a finger in the fire  
A little time should have the crown from them  
That have endur'd the flame with constancy?

*Franc.* If the discovery will ease your thoughts,  
My lord, know, Almerin is as the man  
I never saw.

*Bren.* You do not marry then?  
Condemned men thus hear, and thus receive,  
Reprieves! One question more, and I am gone:  
Is there, to latitude of eternity,  
A hope for Brennoralt?

*Franc.* My lord!

*Bren.* Have I  
A place at all, when you do think of men?

*Franc.* My lord, a high one: I must be singular,  
Did I not value you: the world does set  
Great rates upon you, and you have deserv'd them.

*Bren.* Is this all?

*Franc.* All.

*Bren.* Oh be less kind, or kinder!  
Give me more pity, or more cruelty:  
Francelia, I cannot live with this, nor die.

*Franc.* I fear, my Lord, you must not hope beyond it.

*Bren.* Not hope! (*Views himself.*) This sure is not the body to  
This soul: it was mistaken, shuffled in  
Through haste: why else should that have so much love,  
And this want loveliness to make that love  
Receiv'd? I will raise honour to a point  
It never was—do things (*Studies.*)  
Of such a virtuous greatness, she shall love me.  
She shall:—I will deserve her, though I have her not.  
There's something yet in that.

Madam, will't please you, pardon my offence?  
O fates! that I must call thus my affection!

*Franc.* I will do anything, so you will think  
Of me, and of yourself, my Lord, and how  
Your stay endangers both.

*Bren.* Alas!  
Your pardon is more necessary to  
My life, than life to me. But I am gone.  
Blessings, such as my wishes for you, in  
Their extacies, could never reach, fall on you!  
May everything contribute to preserve  
That excellence (my destruction) till't meet joys  
In love, great as the torments I have in it!

[*Exit.*]

A PORTRAIT, A LA TITIAN.

*Grainevert.* And shall we have peace? I am no sooner sober,  
But the state is so too. If't be thy will,  
A truce for a month only. By this hand,  
I long to refresh my eyes, they've been so tired  
With looking upon faces of this country.

*Villanor (sings).* And shall the *Donazella*,  
To whom we wish so well-a,  
Look babies again in our eyes-a?

*Grain.* Ah—a sprightly girl above fifteen! Eyes full,  
And quick; with breath as sweet as double violets,  
And wholesome as dying leaves of strawberries.  
Thick silken eye-brows, high upon the forehead,  
And cheeks, mingled with pale streaks of red,  
Such as the blushing morning never wore.

*Vill.* Oh my chops! my chops!

*Grain.* With narrow mouth, small teeth, and lips  
Swelling as if she pouted—

*Vill.* Hold!

*Grain.* Hair curl'd, like buds of marjoram,  
Part tied in negligence, part loosely flowing—

*Marinell.* Tyrant! tyrant! tyrant!

*Grain.* In pink-colour  
Taffeta petticoat, lac'd smock-sleeves dangling:  
This vision, stoll'n from her own bed, and rustling  
Into one's chamber—

*Vill.* Oh good, Grainevert!

*Grain.* With a wax candle in her hand, looking  
As if she had lost her way, at twelve at night.

---

*The specimens from Suckling will be completed in part of our next Number ;  
so that the reader will have an entire taste of him in this work.*

---

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall indulge ourselves with an extract or two from the letter of a *Sincere Well-wisher* the first opportunity.

S., who so interests our self-love by writing to us with a scalded hand, has a claim upon us for the subject on which we are requested to write. We shall do so with pleasure, when the season becomes a little more congenial to it. Our Correspondent is right respecting the article in the publication alluded to.

More of our ingenuous friend *Horatio* next week.

A *Constant Reader*, who does us the pleasure of hailing us as coming out of the same school, and who is delighted with Madame Pasta, tells us of a certain Noble Marquis, too much in the habit of venting his notions out loud, who pronounced her performance the other night “disgusting.” Our Correspondent expresses his astonishment at this; and says that the gentleman to whom the observation was addressed, appeared to be still more so. Now that men of intellect should differ with the Noble Marquis, is in the due course of things; but that they should be astonished, astonishes us in our turn; especially the more they know him.

---

LONDON :

Published by HUNT and CLARKE, York street, Covent garden: and sold by all  
Booksellers and Newsvenders in town and country.—Price 4d.

---

PRINTED BY C. H. REYNELL, BROAD STREET, GOLDEN SQUARE.